

# BREATHITT COUNTY NEWS.

J. WISE HAGINS, Editor and Publisher

A NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EASTERN KENTUCKY.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Number 14.

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ville this is solid train of Drawing  
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Variable Tours, going via Asheville  
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only line operating through service  
from Lexington to St. Louis.

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point West or Southwest be sure  
to call on or address us before  
making your arrangements. All  
communications receive prompt  
attention. H. C. King, C. T. A.,  
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## The Two Vanrevels

By BOOTH TARKINGTON.

Author of "The Gentleman From Indiana" and "Monsieur Beaucaire"

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### CHAPTER I.

IT was long ago, in the days  
when men sighed when they  
fell in love, when people danced  
by candle and lamp, and  
did dance, too, instead of solemnly  
gilding about; in that mellow time so  
long ago when the young were roman-  
tic and summer was roses and wine,  
old Carewe brought his lovely daughter  
home from the convent to wreck the  
hearts of the youth of Rouen.

That was not a far journey; only an  
afternoon's drive through the woods  
and by the river in an April long ago.  
Miss Betty's harp carefully strapped  
behind the great lumbering carriage,  
her guitar on the front seat half buried  
under a mound of bouquets and oddly  
shaped little bundles, farewell gifts of  
her comrades and the good sisters. In  
her left hand she clutched a small lace  
handkerchief, with which she now and  
then touched her eyes, brimmed with  
the parting from Sister Cecilia, Sister  
Mary Bazile, the old stone steps and  
all the girls, but for every time that  
she lifted the dainty kerchief to brush  
away the edge of a tear she took a deep  
breath of the western woodland air  
and smiled at least twice for the years  
of strict inclosure within St. Mary's  
walls and still gardens were finished  
and done with, and at last the many  
colored world flashed and danced in a  
mystery before her. This mystery was  
brilliant to the convent girl because it  
contained men. She was eager to be-  
hold it.

They rumbled into town after sunset  
in the faint twilight, the dogs barking  
before them, and every one would have  
been surprised to know that Tom Van-  
revel, instead of Mr. Crailley Gray, was  
the first to see her. By the merest ac-  
cident Tom was strolling near the Car-  
ewe place at the time, and when the  
carriage swung into the gates, with  
rattle and clink and clouds of dust at  
the finish, it was not too soon lost be-  
hind the shrubbery and trees for Tom to  
catch something more than a glimpse  
of a gray skirt behind a mound  
of flowers and of a charming face with  
parted lips and dark eyes beneath the  
scintille of an enormous bonnet. It hap-  
pened—perhaps it is more accurate to  
say that Tom thought it happened—  
that she was just clearing away her  
veil when he turned to look. She blin-  
shed suddenly—much was not to be  
mistaken—and the eyes that met his  
were remarkable for other reasons than  
the sheer loveliness of them, in that,  
even in the one flash of them, he  
caught, they meant so many things at  
one time. But, above all, these eyes  
were fully conscious of Tom Vanrevel.

Without realizing what he did Mr.  
Vanrevel stopped short. He had been  
swinging a walking stick, which, de-  
scribing a brief arc, remained poised  
halfway in its descent. There was  
only that one glance between them, and  
the carriage disappeared, leaving a  
scent of spring flowers in the air.  
The young man was left standing on  
the wooden pavement in the midst of  
a great loneliness, yet enveloped in the  
afterglow, his soul rose, his being  
quivering, his expression, like his cane,  
instantaneously arrested. With such  
promptitude and finish was he disposed  
of that had Miss Carewe been aware  
of his name and the condition wrought  
in him by the single stroke she could  
have sought only the terse Richard of  
England for a like executive ability:  
"Off with his head! So much for Van-  
revel!"

She had lifted a slender hand to the  
duttering veil, a hand in a white glove  
with a small lace gauntlet at the wrist.  
This gesture was the final divinity of  
the radiant vision which remained with  
the dazed young man as he went down  
the street, and it may have been three  
quarters of an hour later when the  
background of the picture became vivid  
to him—a carefully dressed gentle-  
man with heavy brows and a hand-  
some high nose, who sat stiffly upright  
beside the girl, his very bright eyes  
quite as conscious of the stripeness pe-  
destrian as were hers; vastly different,  
however, in this that they glittered—  
nay, almost bristled—with hostility,  
while every polished button of his blue  
coat seemed to reflect their malignan-  
cy and to dart little echoing shafts of  
venom at Mr. Vanrevel.

Tom was dismayed by the newness  
of his perception that a man who does  
not speak to you has no right to have  
a daughter like the lady in the car-  
riage, and, the moment of this realiza-  
tion occurring as he sat making a poor  
pretense to eat his evening meal at the  
Rouen House, he dropped his fork rat-  
tling upon his plate and leaned back,  
staring at nothing, a proceeding of  
which his table mate, Mr. William Cum-  
mings, the editor of the Rouen Jour-  
nal, was too busy over his river bass to  
take note.

"Have you heard what's new in  
town?" asked Cummings presently,  
looking up.

"No," said Tom truthfully, for he had  
seen what was new, but not heard it.  
"Old Carewe's brought his daughter  
home. Fanchon Barend was with  
her at St. Mary's until last year, and  
Fanchon says she's not only a great  
beauty, but a great dear."

"Ah!" rejoined the other with master-  
ly indifference. "Dare say—dare say—  
"No wonder you're not interested,"  
said Cummings cheerfully, returning

to the discussion of his bass. "The old  
villain will take precious good care  
you don't come near her."

Mr. Vanrevel already possessed a  
profound conviction to the same effect.  
Robert Melhae Carewe was known  
not only as the wealthiest citizen of  
Rouen, but also as its heartiest and  
most steadfast hater; and, although  
there were only 5,000 or 6,000 inhabi-  
tants, neither was a small distinction,  
for Rouen was ranked in those easy  
days as a wealthy town, even as it was  
called an old town, proud of its age  
and its riches and bitter in its politics,  
of course. The French had built a fort  
there soon after La Salle's last voyage  
and, as Crailley Gray said, had settled  
the place, and had then been settled  
themselves by the pioneer militia. Af-  
ter the Revolution, Carolinians and Vir-  
ginians had come by way of Tennes-  
see and Kentucky, while the adventur-  
ous countrymen from Connecticut,  
traveling thither to sell, remained to  
buy—and then sell—when the country  
was in its teens. In course of time the  
little trading post of the northwest ter-  
ritory had grown to be the leading cen-  
ter of elegance and culture in the Ohio  
valley—at least they said so in Rouen.

Robert Carewe was Rouen's magnate,  
commercially and socially and, until  
an upstart young lawyer named Van-  
revel struck into his power with a  
broad, politically. The wharfs were  
Carewe's; the warehouses that stood by  
the river and the line of packets which  
plied upon it were his. Half the town  
was his, and in Rouen this meant that  
he was possessed of the middle justice,  
the high and the low. His mother was  
a Frenchwoman, and in those days,  
when to go abroad was a ponderous  
and venturesome undertaking, the fact  
that he had spent most of his youth in  
the French capital wrought a certain  
glamour about him, for to the Ameri-  
can Paris was Europe, and it lay shim-  
mering on the far horizon of every  
imagination, a golden city.

Mr. Carewe lived in an old fashioned  
house on the broad, quiet, shady street  
which bore his name. There was a  
wide lawn in front, shadowed under  
elm and locust trees and bounded by  
thick shrubbery. A long garden, fair  
with roses and hollyhocks, lay outside  
the library windows—an old time gar-  
den, with fine gravel paths and green  
arbors, drowsed over in summer time  
by the bees, while overhead the locust  
rashed his rusty cadences the living  
day, and a faraway sounding love note  
from the high branches brought to  
mind the line, like an old refrain:

The voice of the turtle was heard in the  
land.  
Between the garden and the carriage  
gates there was a fountain where a  
bronze boy with the drops (but not  
minding it) lived in a perpetual bath  
from a green goblet held over his head.  
Near by a stone sundial gleamed  
against a clump of lilac bushes, and it  
was upon this spot that the white kit-  
ten introduced Thomas Vanrevel to  
Miss Carewe.

Upon the morning after her arrival,  
having finished her pianoforte practice,  
touched her harp twice and arranged  
the "Spanish Fandango" on her guitar,  
Miss Betty read two paragraphs of  
"Gilbert" (for she was profoundly de-  
termined to pursue her tasks with di-  
ligence), but the open windows dis-  
closing a world all sunshine and green  
leaves, she threw the book aside with  
a gasp and dashed out to the  
garden. There, coming upon a  
fuzzy white ball rolling into itself  
spirally on a lazy pathway, she pounced  
at it, whereupon the thing uncurred  
with lightning swiftness and fled,  
more like a streak than a kitten, down  
the drive, through the open gates and  
into the street, Miss Betty in full cry.

Across the way there chanced to be  
strolling a young lady in blue, ac-  
companied by a gentleman whose re-  
solute gait gave no indication of the  
maneuvering he had done to hasten  
their walk into its present direction.  
He was apparently thirty or thirty-one,  
tall, very straight, dark, smooth shaven,  
his eyes keen, deep set and thoughtful,  
and his high white hat, white satin  
cravat and careful collar were evidence  
of an elaboration of toilet somewhat  
unusual in Rouen for the morning.  
Also he was carrying a pair of white  
gloves in his hand and dangled a sin-  
gle ebony cane from his wrist. The  
flying kitten headed toward the couple  
with a celerity only to be ac-  
counted for on the theory that his eye  
had been fixed on the Carewe gateway  
for some time previous to this sudden  
apparition, the gentleman leaped in  
front of the fugitive.

The kitten attempted to dodge to pass;  
the gentleman was there before it. The  
kitten flinched; the gentleman was al-  
together too much on the spot. Imme-  
diately, and just as Miss Carewe, flushed  
and glowing, ran into the street, the  
small animal doubled, evaded Miss Bet-  
ty's frantic clutch, re-entered the gate-  
way and attempted a disappearance  
into the lilac bushes instead of going  
around them, only to find itself, for a  
fatal two seconds, in difficulties with  
the close set thicket of stems.

In regard to the extraordinary agility  
of the pursuing gentleman was  
capable, it is enough to say that he  
caught the cat. He emerged from the  
lilacs holding it in one hand, his gloves  
and white hat in the other, and present-  
ed himself before Miss Betty with a

breathlessness not entirely attributable  
to his exertions.

For a moment, as she came running  
toward him and he met her flashing  
look, bright with laughter and recogni-  
tion and haste, he stammered. A thrill  
nothing less than delicious sent the  
blood up behind his brown cheeks, for  
he saw that she, too, knew that this  
was the second time their eyes had  
met.

He could not speak at once, but  
when he could, "Permit me, madam,"  
he said solemnly, offering the captive,  
"to restore your kitten."

An agitated kitten should not be de-  
fined by clasping its waist, and al-  
ready the conqueror was paying for his  
victory. There ensued a final out-  
rageous squirm of despair. Two fran-  
tic claws, extended, drew one long red  
mark across the conqueror's wrist and  
another down the back of his hand to  
the knuckles. They were good, hearty  
scratches, and the blood followed the  
artist's lines rapidly, but of this the  
young man took no note, for he knew  
that he was about to hear Miss Car-  
ewe's voice for the first time.

"They say the best way to hold  
them," he observed, "is by the scruff  
of the neck."

Beholding his wounds, suffered in  
her cause, she gave a plying cry that  
made his heart leap with the richness  
and sweetness of it. Catching the  
kitten from him, she dropped it to the  
ground in such wise as to prove van-  
revel's foresight most kind in cushion-  
ing the feet of cats.

"Ah, I didn't want it that much!"

"A cat in the hand is worth two  
nightingales in the bush," he said bet-  
ter and laughed. "I would shed more  
blood than that!"

Miss Betty blushed like a southern  
dawn and started back from him.  
From the convent but yesterday—and  
she had taken a man's hand in both of  
hers!

It was to this tableau that the lady  
in blue entered, following the hunt  
through the gates, where she stopped  
with a discomposed countenance. At  
once, however, she advanced and, with  
a cry of greeting, enveloped Miss Bet-  
ty in a brief embrace, to the relief of  
the latter's confusion. It was Fanchon  
Barend, now two years emancipated  
from St. Mary's and far gone in tarta-  
ria. With her lustrous light hair,  
absent blue eyes and her gentle voice,  
as small and pretty as her face and  
figure, it was not too difficult to justify  
Crailley Gray's characterization of her  
as one of those winsome bargains who  
had made an air of feminine helplessness  
the fashion of the day.

"I'm so glad—glad!" exclaimed Bet-  
ty. "You were just coming to see me,  
weren't you? My father is in the li-  
brary. Let me—"

Miss Barend drew back. "No, no,"  
she interrupted hastily and with evi-  
dent perturbation. "I—we must be on  
our way immediately." She threw a  
glance at the gentleman, which let him  
know that she now comprehended his  
gloves and why their stroll had trended  
toward Carewe street. "Come at  
once," she commanded him quickly in  
an undertone.

"But now that you're here," said  
Miss Betty, wondering very much why  
he was not presenting to her, "won't  
you wait and let me gather a bouquet  
for you? Our pansies and violets!"

"I could help," the gentleman sug-  
gested, with the look of a lame dog at  
Miss Barend. "I have been consid-  
ered useful about a garden."

"Fool!" Betty did not hear the word  
that came from Miss Barend's closed  
teeth, though she was mightily sur-  
prised at the visible agitation of her  
schoolmate, for the latter's face was  
pale and excited. And Miss Carewe's  
amazement was complete when Fan-  
chon, without more words, cavalierly

seized the gentleman's arm and moved  
toward the street with him as rapidly  
as his perceptible reluctance to leave  
permitted. But at the gate Miss Ba-  
rend turned and called back over her  
shoulder, as if remembering the neces-  
sity of offering an excuse for so re-  
markable a proceeding: "I shall come  
again very soon. Just now we are  
upon an errand of great importance.  
Good day!"

Miss Betty waved her hand, staring  
after them, her eyes large with won-  
der. She compressed her lips tightly.  
"Errand!" This was the friend of  
childhood's happy hour, and they had  
not met in two years!

"Errand!" She ran to the hedge,  
along the top of which a high white  
hat was now seen perambulating. She  
pressed down a loose branch and called  
in a tender voice to the stranger whom  
Fanchon had chosen should remain  
nameless:

"Be sure to put some salve on your  
hand!"

He made a bow which just missed

being too low, but did miss it.

"It is there already," he said and,  
losing his courage after the bow, made  
his speech with so palpable a gasp be-  
fore the last word that the dullest per-  
son in the world could have seen that  
he meant it.

Miss Betty disappeared.

There was a rigidity of expression  
about the gentle month of Fanchon  
Barend, which her companion did not  
enjoy, as they went on their way, each  
preserving an uneasy silence, until at  
her own door she turned sharply upon  
him. "Tom Vanrevel, I thought you  
were the steadiest—and now you've  
proved yourself the craziest—soul in  
Rouen!" she burst out. "And I couldn't  
say worse!"

"Why didn't you present me to her?"  
asked Vanrevel.

"Because I thought a man of your  
gallantry might prefer not to face a  
shotgun in the presence of ladies!"

"Fool!"

"Fool!" mimicked Miss Barend.  
"You can 'fool' as much as you like,  
but if he had seen us from the win-  
dow"—She covered her face with her  
hands for a moment, then dropped  
them and smiled upon him. "I under-  
stand perfectly to what I owe the  
pleasure of a stroll with you this morn-  
ing, and your casual insistence on the  
shadiness of Carewe street!" He laugh-  
ed nervously, but her smile vanished.

She continued: "Keep away, Tom. She  
is beautiful, and at St. Mary's I  
always thought she had spirit and wit  
too. I only hope Crailley won't see her  
before the wedding! But it isn't safe  
for you. Go along now, and ask Crail-  
ley please to come at 3 this afternoon."

This message from Mr. Gray's be-  
trothed was not all the ill starred Tom  
conveyed to his friend. Mr. Vanrevel  
was ordinarily esteemed a person of  
great reserve and discretion; neverthe-  
less there was one man to whom he  
told everything, and from whom he  
had no secrets. He spent the noon hour  
in feeble attempts to describe to Crail-  
ley Gray the outward appearance of  
Miss Elizabeth Carewe—how she ran  
like a young Diana, what one felt upon  
hearing her voice, and he presented in  
himself an example exhibiting some-  
thing of the cost of looking in her eyes.  
His conversation was more or less in-  
complete, but the effect of it was com-  
plete.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### THE MOURNERS.

[Written for The News.]

"I'm so lonely," sighed the orphan  
As she brushed away a tear.

"Here I am in this small cottage;  
Here I find no warmth or cheer;  
If I could but call dear mother,  
As I have in days of yore,  
But you've gone from me forever  
I can never see you more.  
I can call, but will you hear me;  
As you hear 'me long ago?'  
Ah, dear mother, you're in Heaven,  
While I'm here in pain and woe."

"I'm so lonely," wailed the mother  
As she clasped her babe so dear.  
Papa's gone and still we linger,  
But the time is coming near  
When we'll hear the last glad  
summons.

Calling us, "Come, live above!"

And we'll reign in peace and love.  
There will be no more sad partings  
There will be no desolate homes  
All our griefs are joy and gladness,  
There will be no sighs or moans.

"I am lonely," cried the sister,  
As the soldiers marched away.  
You will write to me, dear brother,  
Write to me while on your way.  
He wrote, but, ah! what news it  
brought.

Not of pleasure did he write,  
But of how a ball had struck him,  
In a hard and bloody fight.

"Ah, dear sister, I am dying,  
And my soul will be with God,  
But my body will be resting  
Underneath the cold, damp sod."

"I am lonely," moaned his sweet-  
heart,

When to her news was told.  
I will go and find my darling  
I can brave the heat and cold.  
I will sail the icy waters,  
I will plow the foaming deep,  
Till I reach the far-off country  
Where my lover lies asleep.  
I will lay upon his casket  
Just to show my love is true.  
At his head this rose of yellow,  
At his feet this violet blue.

E. E. C.

### NOTICE.

We have moved to the big new  
store built by S. E. Patton, on  
Broadway, next door to John  
Watts. Nicest place in town.  
Rare bargains and a big welcome  
for everybody. Remember the  
place and don't fail to call.

Yours truly,  
12-14 NOBLE & NOBLE.

### CINCINNATI MARKET.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 23. — Hogs  
active; butchers and shippers,  
5 70@5 72; common, 4 50@4 55.  
Cattle steady; fair to good shippers  
3 90@4 75; common, 2 00@2 65.  
Sheep steady, 3 50@5 25. Lambs  
easy, 4 50@7 15.

### PUBLIC SALE.

I will, at one o'clock, at the  
court house steps, on Monday,  
February 19th, 1906, county court  
day, offer at public sale to the  
highest bidder, my farm contain-  
ing one hundred and thirty two  
acres of land lying one and one-half  
miles south of Mt. Sterling, with  
Levee turn-pike driving same in-  
to two tracts of 87 and 45 acres  
each. I shall offer first the 45  
acres with two ponds and a pair  
of stock scales on the east side of  
pike, then the 87 acres of well im-  
proved land, all modern and neces-  
sary conveniences, splendid milk  
house, cemented in and out-side at  
kitchen door, new stock barn and  
splendid young orchard of five  
kinds of fruit. This is one of the  
best located and best watered farms  
in the State—watered by seven  
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